The Citizns joy, and the Bone-Lace-Weavers Happines;

BEING

A Rare pattern for all Lovers:

Shewing how a young Man came out of the City, to VVooe a Maid in the Country.

To the Tune of, *Du Val's delight*: or, *Love without Measure*: or, *Late in the Country.*

COme all you young Lovers, give ear to my Ditty,
'Twill please your fancies, I dare lay my life,
It's of a Young man that came out of the City,
into the Country to get him a wife:
And long he did travel e'r that he could find,
A girl he could fancy, or yet please his mind:
At length he met one was handsom and pretty,
And you'l say beside she was witty;
In love up to the elbows he with her did fall.

As soon as he saw her, he moved his Hat to her,
and gave her a salute, with a kind imbrace:
Then to Complementing he fell to wooe her,
and often times he did smile in her face:
My dearest (quoth he) I am a Citizen born,
Therefore I'd not have you to hold me in scorn:
For I do not come to mock nor to jear thee,
therefore I'd have you with patience to hear me
e my mind & affections to thee I'l make known

I am a man it's known can maintain thee,
though I am a stranger to thee, I don't crack,
ou shalt want for nothing if that I do gain thee
either for Meat, nor yet good cloths to thy back
For though a proud word, I now do it spake,
but few can go beyond me for what goods I make
Therefore my dearest let pitty move thee,
And thou shalt find how dearly I love thee:
The fairest face shall not me inſnare.

The bone-Lace-Weavers Answers.

Good sir unto me you are but a Stranger,
and what you be I have but your bare word:
To set my Affection there may come danger,
therefore no love to you I will afford:
If you were such a man as you set your self out,
You might get a wife nearer home I don't doubt
Therefore I will not her try, nor yet prove thee,
For all your fair words shall not cause me to love
so in staying here, your time you do lose. (thee,

Moreover I'l tell you, if you was to Marry
you'd ne'r set your love upon one tha was por
For the world it is so from William to Harry,
they must have a wife that has riches great store
but I love to speak truth, for means I have none,
My Parents are Ancient although I am young,
Besides, my trade is a Bone-Lace-Weaver,
To keep my self honest, i'l do my endeavour,
no flattering tongue shall ne'r me ensnare.

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The Man.

It 'tis not for means my Love that I came hither,
although I'm a ſtranger to thee and thy friends,
Before I would wrong thee my ſelf I had rather,
& for theſe words thou haſt ſpoken i'le make thee
for I ſee thou'ſt wit, & thouſt beauty beſide (amends
For all thou ſhapeth ſo at me I can't be deny'd;
Though Bone-lace-making is your devotion,
Yet thou ſhalt riſe to higher promotion,
what I ſpeak to thee thou truly ſhalt find.

Thy habit my dear it ſoon ſhall be changed,
into ſilks & ſatins the which are ſo fine (range it,
Up and down London ſtreets thou bravely ſhalt
if thou wilt be but a true Love of mine.
No Woman i'th City ſhall be more brave,
Servants to wait on thee my Love thou ſhalt have
All thy friends ſhall admire the which do know thee,
And tell't for a truth how dearly I love thee,
when thou in thy ſhop like a Lady doſt ſit.

The bone-lace-maker.

Now I do find your tongue runs ſo nimble,
you'r one of them that are catchers of fools,
But I ſhan't believe though you do diſſemble,
your ſcarce worth a bed, or a pair of joint ſtools,
For all is not gold that glitters I ſee,
And your ſmoothing & fearing ſhall never fear me,
Your words are but wind, and they coſt you nothing
And I am content with my homely cloathing.
your ſilks & your ſatins to rags they may turn.

Although i be but little yet I will be wary,
how I match with a man the which I don't know
All your fair words ſhall not make me miſcarry,
nor yet ſhal, not bring my ſtring to your bow.
For I cannot thinke thou'rt a man of ſuch fame,
Yet i'de better believe then to try the ſame,
For perhaps the Journey would kill me in going,
Or when I come there it might prove my undoing,
ſo i'le have better grounds before I do yield.

The Man.

Surely my dear thy heart's made of Iron,
that thou wilt not believe what to thee I vow,
But i'le ſpit in their faces, and I will deſie 'um,
ſhall ſay e'r a words falſe I ſpeak to thee now.
& if thou wilt not believe me I can't force thee to't
Yet thou'lt looſe a good husband and mony to boot,
And ſo fare thee well no longer i'le prove thee,
I wiſh thou mayſt have one that better doth love (thee,
but ſuc friends I doubt they are hard for to find.

The Maid.

Oh tarry a while my love and my honey,
and herken a little what too i'le ſpake,
Thy ſight I love better then thy wealth or money,
my life for thee I will lay at a ſtake.
You cannot blame me for what I did ſay,
For I know when i'm bound I needs muſt obey,
Yet come wealth or woe now I yield unto thee,
And i'le make a vow ne'r to forgo thee,
nothing but death ſhall e'r change my mind.

Now the Man.

The young-man hearing what ſhe had ſpoken,
two hundred pound in her lap he told,
Saying take this my dear as a loves token,
my affection to thee for ever ſhall hold.
Then ſtraight to the City he took her away,
Where they was married I after heard ſay,
Now a trades-mans wife ſhe is in the City,
And behaves her ſelf both handſome and witty,
this is a pattern for Maidens ſo rare.

Thus you may ſee how this Bone-lace-Weaver,
by her wit and beauty gain'd an honeſt man,
Then let all young Maidens do their indeavour,
to keep themſelves honeſt as neer as they can,
For wit that's well us'd it is a rare thing,
And young men & Maidens to credit doth bring,
But they that are given to uncivil carriage,
ſeldom proves good when they'r join'd in marriage
this for a truth ſo many do find.

FINIS. By John Wade.

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